THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

TO MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Then art young and gay and fair,
Mary!
In thine eye the lights of joy
Sweetly shine;
Any fane thy bounding step
Is emblem of mirth,
Musical thy sparkling laugh
Ringing gay.

Bright the dreams that haunt thee now,
Sunny mine,
Fewer the unnamed hopes that thrill
That heart of thine,
Childhood's kind and happy home
Is around thee,
For another, yet to be,
Fairer, gladder
Can a standing by thy side,
Sunny mine,
Can to share it and to guide,
Ever thine,
Fondly thine my lifted eye.
Not alone,
For a love that cannot die
Meets thy own.

Blessings crow thy path for aye,
Sunny mine,
Flowers of hope around thy way
Ever twine;
Love as pure and true and warm
Claim thy heart,
As we feel from whom we long
Thus must part.

Lightly thou will not forget,
Sunny mine,
When fond eyes with parting wet
Greet thine,
The truest heart of trusting love
We have known,
Who from childhood, mind and heart,
Have loved none.

Ever may we be as now,
Sunny mine,
Still the same confiding glow
Burn and shine,
Though our lives may not be linked
As of yore,
Never dear, our love will be
Evermore.

D.A.

Original Tales.

THE ODD FELLOW'S CHAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Sitting one night with one of my oldest and best friends in his "sanctum sanctorum," a bachelor's bedroom, wall and tastefully fitted up, by the way, for the search for a letter we had been in correspondence together, I accidentally took out an Odd Fellow's chain of beautiful workmanship, and upon the close of gold splendidly chased and set as a breastpin, which I remembered had been worn by my bachelor friend for several years, and which I was surprised, my surprise that so beautiful a jewel had been cast aside for a much commoner ornament, especially as I knew Jack H——— was a leading member of the Odd Fellow's order. In reply to my question, my friend hung in a talkative humor told me the following, which I have taken the liberty to present on paper, for your one and my own.

JACK H——'S REASON.

Longstreet, Harry, I am engaged to be married. No mean, Jack, I have known that as long as you have, almost—and your wife, that is to be, dear Miss Odd Fellows, does she?

Not a bit of it—if she did, she would not like me, as I am one heart and soul. But the reason for laying by that little jewel, pretty as it is, is connected with the circumstance nevertheless, as follows—good now, patriotism, the very moment you begin to laugh at me for superstition as usual, I shall stop talking.

I promised to keep a sober face, let what would come.

Seven years ago, when you and I had just passed our boyish intimacy into manhood's formal stage, you know that I spent some months, for the first time, in New York—sometime before that however, you know, perhaps, that I had grown intimate with one who used to be a schoolmate of ours under old Sullens's ruler on the Church Green House. Yes, Walter Raymond. You knew he was handsome, and rather distinguished in his appearance, although I was engaged to be married, he was no favorite with the majority of the school, he was with me, and as we grew up to became very intimate. While we lived together in the country, he was the companion of most of my leisure hours—and in fact, the only friend near me, that cared for my favorite authors, or with whom I could talk of them.

Raymond had been some time in New York, and a constant correspondent of mine, when I found he—he introduced to me, by letter, Charles Lyon, a fine fellow and always "Charley Lyon, a fine fellow" was the way. Walter's introduction was accompanied by a short note from Lyon, and he became intimate with me from correspondence.

Six months afterward, in company with Raymond, I called on Lyon, in W——, street, and was soon seeing each other nightly, and found I liked him not a little. He was a small but handsome built and active young man, about my own age, and about as full of life and fun as myself, with a curly head and a fine blue eye, that was the very opposite of Walter Raymond's dark face and proud look, as it was of my own keen physiognomy.

We were the best of friends, however, all three of us—and from that time forward the theme was not a stone to the city, that did not feel the loss together.

We discussed politics together, wrote together, and even composed articles in partnership for the periodicals, and in short when we could be so, were inseparable. We joined the Odd Fellows together, and immediately following that occasion, assumed the triple chain of the Odd Fellows as the society's name in general, and our own in particular, promising in our frolicsome way the three names of the order—Friendship, Love and Truth! Truth! I said you that our hearts were made alike, and that the one you saw in one of them. In short, the best we were pledged to each other, and were the life half of my companions. It was, I remember, one of our standing promises, that each should play confidant to the other's behavior or otherwise—filled upon.

I was called to attend the wedding of Walter Raymond to the sister of Charley Lyon, and I promise to his bride elect the last day of his single life. Walter was always fond of effect, and I saw plainly that he intended to impress me strongly with the beautiful girl he had won. When she entered the room, leaning on his arm, with the dignity of a woman of a dawning bride, it was difficult for me to execute the introduction with composure. She was small, almost petite in figure, but rounded and finished in the most graceful and beautiful mould of woman's form, with that fine erect look of head and head that I have looked for so often and—and so seldom. I have never yet seen the form that filled my idea so well. Brown hair, plainly braided, but full and luxuriant, soft hazel eyes, and features not classical but moulded into a painter's dream, with one sweet dimple in the chin—and I have told you all I can tell of her looks—but I confess that I looked on her with nearly boundless admiration. My turn had not come yet, and Charley Lyon was groomsman, and I knew in more than one way that the fair girl that leaned on his arm was destined to be a bride before another year. Walter Raymond was married, and a bright and glorious heart seemed melting into his in the "three days after marriage" passed in my company.

Sunshine so far. I passed a glorious day with Walter Raymond and lady the next new year, and on that evening accompanied Lyon to see his lady love once more. She looked as before, most beautiful, but fine and noble. There was a firm yet sweet expression at the lip, and a warm glance in her eye that promised more than mere outward beauty, and I knew not as I left them together that night, which most to envy, Raymond with his beautiful bride in the first year of wedded life, or Charley Lyon, in the "halcyon hours" of courtship, with that glorious woman by his side. Six months from that day I was to be present as groomsman at Charley's marriage.

Six months from that day Charley Lyon lay on a sick bed, bereft of fortune and almost of friends, ruined in health and reputation, and as hopeless and degraded by dissipation, that even his true hearted girl gave him up and would hold no more communication with him. I was absent from the gay pleasant New Year in New York. Walter Raymond's beautiful wife eloped with a foreign adventurer and took passage to Europe.

I cannot want the three links of the Odd Fellows chain, for, you may call it superstition if you will, I looked upon those friends as their parentation. Two of the three have met with the fate I have told you, and I am the third. I never look at it when alone without a presentiment creeping over me, that sooner or later it I were to wear it in some way or other, in something connected with the sweet girl to whom I owe my hand and heart. I should share in the fate of my two unhappy friends.

Original Sketch.

TROUBLES OF A PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

Journal of the wife of a Western Physician!

My poor journal! it has been sadly neglected of late, indeed I have very little time for writing at this season of the year, and yet I much wish to continue my journal at this time, for I have often thought it would be both interesting and amusing in after years, to look over the events of even one week during the sickly season. My husband is constantly engaged visiting the sick and I remain at home to answer calls, for if the Doctor cannot be found they must see his wife, thinking, poor souls, that I must know something about medicine and understand their case in particular. Now the fact is I know less about it than almost any other person, as I always depend on my husband to give every particle of medicine taken in the family, and he never makes any mistakes, for most of them are so knowing the particulars of any case he may have on hand. I do not; for he is so little at home, that when he does have a few moments to converse he is glad to drop the "Doctor," and I have a thousand things to say on other subjects. However, I am getting pretty well, and can write a listening ear to all their complaints.

The only difficulty I have, is to know one person from another, without just asking their names, for I am expected to know every one of his patients, and all their families as well as the Doctor himself. I will now give the events of this day.

August 10, 18—.

The first sound I heard this morning after breakfast was

"Hoo-loo, he loo-o, the house!"

"Run to the door, Dolly, and see what is the matter."

"A boy, ma'am, wants the Doctor."

"Tell him the Doctor will be at home, presently."

"He says he must see you, ma'am."

"Well, tell him to walk in."

"He says he can't leave his horse, cause he's wild and won't stay hitched."

"Oh well, hand me my sun bonnet and I will go to the gate."

"He hasn't at the gate, ma'am."

"Why, where is he?"

"At t'other side of the lot—but horse is aleard of the gate posts."

So away I trudged through the wet grass to get to the boy who was waiting for me.

"What do you wish with the Doctor, my good boy?" said I to the ragged, dirtiest, and ugliest boy I ever saw.

"Nothin, only Pap told me to leave this here vial here. He's used up all the stuff that were in it, and don't want any more, but he said as how the Doctor might want his bottle.

"Oh!"

At soon the rain was pouring down in torrents, my poor husband came home wet, tired, and hungry. He was met at the gate by a man with his horse all in a lather. They came in together—the latter accompanied by a short note from Lyon, and he came in just in time from exposure. He looked straight into the parlor with his muddy shoes, and never looking at my fancy chair, with the water dripping from his every clothes on to the floor. I had been engaged coming to keep the dinner warm for an hour more or less and fished, the victuals were now all on the table and the fire was almost put out with the rain, we all felt that if we would have a warm dinner, we must eat it immediately.

"Doctor Riggs, I want you to do something for my finger, it pains me dreadfully, and I can't stand it much longer."

Ah, indeed, it is very much swollen, if you will excuse me for a few minutes until I eat my dinner, I will be with you directly, I am very hungry.

"Oh, Doctor, I cannot wait a single moment, I can't stand it."

"Very well, I will open it if you wish, before I dine."

"Open it? Why, Doctor, you're not a going to cut it open, are you?"

"I can't tell, Doctor, indeed I don't."

And up he jumps, runs out the room, leaving his foot prints all over the carpet. My husband thought it was time to do something.

"Well, sir, perhaps you will walk out and take some dinner with me? we will be done presently, sir."

"Eat! Why it never rests,—do you think I could eat anything while this pain lasts?"

"Well, sir, let me attend to it at once."

"How? by cutting it open? Can't you ease it in some other way?"

"Why, what else will do it much good, I assure you."

"Did you ever cut out open, Doctor?—did any person ever stand it?"

"Oh yes, many a one, and often ladies, they never made half the fuss you do."

"But, Doctor, just see it. You have not half looked at it, one how could you do it. Where could you cut without sticking the bone?"

"Just let me try it, and you will see."

"It is no use, Doctor, I know I can't stand it, so please don't talk at it. Oh, dear, dear, it is awful."

And down he sinks on the sofa, head and all,—but was sweet dinner in the chin—and I have told him, that he does not wish to leave without getting some relief, and yet he will not let the Doctor open it; so after spending a full hour, all the time mourning his inability to stand it, he asked me to make him a warm poultice, and get him some clean linen to do it up, and then took his departure, still mourning he him self as to be passed out of the gate "I can't stand it."

Truly, a profitable and pleasant patient.

I was sitting alone this afternoon after my husband had started on his usual round, when a man drove up in a wagon. I hastened out to hear his business.

"Are you the Doctor's wife?"

"I am, sir."

"Don't you want some cabbage?"

"Is it good?"

"Well, 'tant nothing else."

"I will take a few heads."

"You must take it all, I aint a going to haul it home again, and they don't want it at the farm, so being I am owing the Doctor a trifle, I thought I would just leave it here."

In a few moments after the cabbage man took his leave, a pleasant looking countryman walked in, shook hands and called me by name. Now I did not know him, and yet I dared not ask his name, well knowing I should give offence.

"Is the Doctor at home, Mrs. Boggs?"

"No, sir, but he will be very soon."

"Will you please to tell him to come right out to my house when he returns?"

"I will tell him, sir." Now, thinks I, how shall I find out where your house is. "Do you live far from town?"

"Why it's just a little piece past father's."

"Indeed," said I, "who is sick?"

"My brother, ma'am."

"Which brother?" I ventured to say.

"John," said he.

I hesitated, should I offend by enquiring the name, or should I leave it to him. Decided to ask.

"Do you think the Doctor knows the place, sir?"

"Oh yes, he goes past very often,—now don't forget to tell him to come right out to my house when he returns."

"Good bye, sir." Now, thinks I, how shall I find out where your house is?

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United States SATURDAY POST.

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TERMS.

Single copies $7 per annum in advance—$3.50 not paid in advance.

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For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We think the poetry of our friend W. F. D. hardly good enough for publication—the Enigma we will endeavor to find room for.

FUNERAL BALSAMS.—This poem displays much promise, but the author has not always taken care to remain the "law fancy" of poesy, within the bounds of reason. It was do doubt, in the writer most extreme case misnomer and alexandrine.

CHARLES CAMPBELL.—What has become of Cloud—and the "Sprague" third cy?

TO HARPER & BROTHERS.

Gentlemen.—We address the communication to you for two reasons. In the first place, you are supposed to be the wealthiest and most influential publishing house in the country; in the second place the chief member of a work is now lying before us, entitled "Martin, or The Parvenu," by Eugene Sue with your name upon the cover as the proprietor of it in the American reading world.

We would ask you of the author, whether or not you consider yourselves responsible at all, for the characters of the works that you publish and circulate? Do you apprehend that any guilt attaches to you, for the publication of an immoral work,—do you hold yourselves absolved from any consideration of the moral tendency of a book, only looking at it in the narrow light of a mercantile speculation, and applying no other question as to its exposure, but whether they are such as will make it sell?

If so wrong you, it may be, by even putting such a question. You have the reputation of being customer honest, are Christian men, and as such must believe in liberty, whatever may be its practice, that as the hired assassin is as guilty as the villain that employs him, so is the publisher of an immoral work as culpable as the author who prostitutes the talents that God has given him to bring it forth to the world.

We will not weary you by even supposing that you might deny the above to be sound doctrine. This subject can be no new one to you—you must have considered it often in its length and its breadth in its height and its depth in many a conference, and in individual silent meditation.

Now we will not ask what we might ask, how you could reconcile it with your consciences as moral and Christian men, to be instrumental in giving circulation to such a work as the "Mysteries of Paris"—we are willing that by gones should be by gones—but we do ask you, as in the presence of many thousands of your countrymen, how you can justify your conduct in lending such a work as "Martin, or The Foundling" the authoritative sanction of your name?

We have just read the whole of that work: but as we have read the latter number, the only one we have received, and we make no scruple to say that it about completes the monstrous series fairly rounded by a thoughtful and considerate parent from introducing the book that contains it into his family.

Now you know and every one knows, who is at all conversant with the matter, that it makes all the difference in the world as to who is the publisher of a book. A worthy and respectable house like Harper & Brothers take hold of a work, they can give it a circulation in channels that a house of less respectability and influence could not reach. Most are accustomed to think for themselves, also argue in this way—If this book was not too immoral to be published by Harper & Brothers it cannot be too immoral to be read by myself and family." Thus it is that the name of Eugene Sue may now be seen on the counters of ladies, who might in the hands of even being suspected of reading so impure an author. But it was advances in equality as we have done during the last ten years, the sense common and vulgar but not more licentious novels of kind for ladies will become many winters have gone not, be equally unknowingly perused and commented upon.

Now, gentlemen, we put the question to you, whether we have not to thank you and various other eminent and respectable publishers for that" this very passage, consider it a light matter, you may see in spirit, but in those who regard the value of the Republic as our very life blood, what can be of a status been accustomed to revel with pride and gusto in social intercourse as contrasted with those of the sensual and corrupt old world, it is a matter surpassing in interest all other questions of party political or personal.

Gentlemen, if you were poor, we could not of course be a kind as to accuse for you. A wife and children at home depend on the exertions of the husband and father. Many a man into evil connection. It is strong, I know it is strong, such an outcry as we have made, but the God of our country, children demand it. But you gentlemen are rich—you are not seemingly compelled by the hard necessities of our nature, necessity, to barter your souls for your body's bread. You have riches, and we repeat it, have honored, by this time, that wealth it must be be content.

> "Not to be able to a pledge,
> Not for a train attendant,
> Or for those princes
> Of heaven to look down."

to say not, that we may be independent—there we cannot make that excuse for you, which we urge for the poor heart for so many others—and it is for you to say that, disdaining to stoop to such practices, and leave the powerful go unpunished, we have self-command enough to you, as to the head and heart of this offending.

In so small opposition in say, but we will say, particularly as we are not in the habit of to indulge a censure or a censure for the public good, that we have not in this matter any personal or other enmity against you or any publisher, but that in having taken unwillingly been forced into a controversy respecting a moral profligation when of publications, we have felt ourselves in duty bound to act, and, disengaging ourselves as soon as possible from those whose weakness is their strength, to take a stand sufficient honor against the men whose responsibility and influence are the temptors, which in spite of human frailty and virtuous as God hereafter into the deadly tasting of "included food."

CHANGE OF COMMAND.

Commandant of the Navy Yard, at Pensacola, to Lieut. Boyd, to say that intercourse has been resumed at the Navy Yard at that place, and that Poyas is on his way to take command at the Navy Yard, in consequence of Com. Connor. The Flag Ship says that the information from Pensacola is wholly correct. Com. Connor is said to be in full health. In this cause is attributed, by others, to the opposition certain miscarriages in the field which have been a source of chagrin to the whole Navy.

A NEW PAPER.

We have received the first number of a new paper entitled "The Pulaski State Sentinel, published at Columbia, Tenn. The information is in large and clear, and the editorial matter well written. We wish the publishers success.

U. S. BRIG TRUXTON BURNT

...dered on board one of the U. S. vessels, given the following account of the burning of the Brig Truxton, on the coast of Florida:

"The only event of importance which has transpired in the harbor of Key West since the departure of the last vessel, was the burning of the U. S. brig Truxton, on the night of the 12th inst. She was discovered to be on fire about 11 o'clock, and although the alarm was given immediately, the flames had made such progress, that the vessel was entirely consumed before any assistance could be rendered. The Truxton was lying at anchor in the harbor, about 200 yards from the shore, with Lieut. Benjamin Poinsett in command. It appears that Capt. Campbell of the Truxton, wishing to get his vessel near shore, to protect his boats while obtaining provisions, ordered a Midshipman to haul his boat out with a kedge. Mr. Poinsett, prior to this time, had been ordered by the Commandant to take command of the Truxton, and was in the act of getting his boat under way, when he discovered the vessel to be on fire. He immediately ordered the boat's crew to return to the vessel, and on reaching her, found the flames had made such progress, that the vessel was entirely consumed before any assistance could be rendered. They were hospitably received, complimented with a ball, and left next day with a guide of four men for Tampico, about 100 miles further north. Lieut. Hunter and his boat's crew got in use, captured a small Mexican schooner and came down to our present anchorage, making in all two officers (Lieuts. Berryman and Hunter) and 30 men aboard. As soon as the officers were in command, the Princeton immediately got under weigh and proceeded to the scene of disaster.

"The Truxton had not been found burning on the bay, and completely filled with water, having about four feet over the both deck. The mast was also finally wrenched by a high sea and the 32d that the boats of the Princeton could board her, when nothing it impossible to get her out of water, and she was found and completely burned. A few of the boat spars were brought off, but otherwise she is a total loss. She had been completely plundered and stripped by the Mexicans before the arrival of the Princeton. Her guns were found to have been thrown overboard. The Princeton ran into five fathoms water (she draws 21½ feet) and was then about 1½ miles distant, the swell was so heavy that the Princeton was forced to cut her cable and run to sea.

"After fixing the brig, the Princeton retired immediately on the 23d to this present anchorage, about 10 miles southward of Vera Cruz. At the time of the Princeton's departure, everything was quiet inside of shells. The town of Tuspan is back some eight miles distant. Several communications passed between the Princeton and the shore by flags of truce, and by them the fate of the captives was learnt.

"The entire Legare, sixty hours from Boston, arrived on the 15th with despatches for our Commodore, supposed relating to the three months armistice which the Texians, the Texians to this place is 450 miles, and was professedly under cruise, against strong head winds. The vessel was immediately sent to New Orleans for her boilers, which are in a bad condition, and proceeds her cruising ground. The Legare has on board Santa Anna left Vera Cruz for the city of Mexico, previous to which, however, he sent a polite invitation to the Commodore to meet him at his quarters in English Empire Endymion, the interview did not take place.

"A few days back one of the English frigate's boats came down in a violent rain squall with a communication for the Commodore; the next day a flag of truce was returned, but no answer at the time was transpired. The frigate Potomac is now expected by the latter of her cruise, the vessel has broken out on board of her, and she has now 140 cases of the dreadful disease. On the 7th, the Potomac had sent off from the Balize, but brought no intelligence of importance.

"The following is a list of the officers attached to the Truxton, at the period of the Tampico:—

"Commander E. W. Carpender, Acting Master, Isaac N. Briefield; Passed Midshipmen, John P. Gillis, Edward Hunter, Forest, George F. Cutter, Assistant Surgeon, John S. Messersmith—Midshipmen, Newton S. Burnett, Captain's Clerk, H. Williamson. Together with about fifty petty officers and seamen.

BATH AND WASHING HOUSES.

It may not perhaps be generally known, that considerable attention has been directed of late, in England, to the social condition of the poorer classes. Among other things that have been proposed for their benefit, has been the establishment of baths with washing houses connected with them, at which, for a small sum, the clothes of those families may be washed and dried, and the poor afforded accesses for such purposes at home. A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, gives an interesting account of the establishment of such baths and washhouses in London. Passing over the description of the baths with which most readers are probably familiar, we gather says:

"The washing department, occupying the remainder of the right wing of the establishment, is an entrance distinct from that to the baths. It consists of a long washing room, in which are placed sixty stalls, each with a pewter dripping machine, a series of hot air drying closets an ironing room, a mangling room and six mangles, and a drying room. Each washing stall is divided into two unequal parts, the larger one for washing in, whilst in the other linen may be boiled by means of a jet of steam thrown into the hot water at the bottom of the tub. The tubs are separated from one another by wooden partitions so that the occupant of any tub may continue her labor without being interrupted or overlooked; and each compartment is furnished with a shelf and other conveniences. After being washed, the clothes are put into a machine, in which they are whirled round at a great rate and the water driven out of them. This apparatus, which serves the purpose of wringing, is a patent, and is employed successfully at several other large establishments. The clothes are then hung up in drying-closets, which are supplied with currents of air, economically heated over the large furnace employed in warming the water for the baths and tubs. In situations adjacent to large towns, drying grounds are usually attached, and also an ironing apparatus. For the use of everything, but linen is excepted, for the space of three hours the charge is 1d, and with linen 2d—a term so trifling for the weekly washing, and dressing of a family's garments, as not to be beyond the reach of even the most humble individual. Before, for a space or a quantum of gin, any mother may keep herself, her husband, and her children, in a state of cleanliness and comfort.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

We perceive that some of the papers habitually speak of this individual as having been a worthy man, and a benefactor. But for our part we have never held up to public admiration the memory of a man who visited and screened through a whole lifetime, even to his dying hour, the hoard he could no longer keep, for the benefit of the orphan. He must do something with his money—he was cold-hearted and had no friends; and had no desire to leave a large a name to more relatives and therefore doubtless thought that he would compound for a hard and selfish life, by magnificently endowing an orphan by his death. But impartial history cannot be lulled in this manner. Stephen Girard left behind the reputation of being a close, hard hearted man while he lived, and the monument he has reared his memory will not, though the splendid monument raised by his eminence would, serve literally connect with indigestive falsehoods.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We have received of late, from various quarters stating that in some parts of the country our paper is not received till much later in the morning week than it should be, and that it is mailed regularly, and at an early period as it ever has been. We have found, on inquiry, that this complaint is well founded, and we note that matter, and see that there be no delay at their respective offices!

Since writing the above we find the following in the North American of this city:—

"The Mails are extremely irregular of late not only as regards the arrival of the Southern mails, but in the non-receipt of intelligence on time; but we notice in the Evening Intelligencer Richmond Chronicle, &c. complicate are almost daily entered against the conduct in which the mails are transmitted. Under the proper department discover some means of rendering these irregularities!"

A JUDGE.

We make our bow to the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Times for the following:

"The Saturday Evening Post should, we think, be ranked among the Magazines. Although in a folio-post form, it is equal in value to any of them, and in the general reader, who is oblivious to light literature, wants the current news of the day, it is much more."

RIOT AMONG THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Pensacola gives the following account of a riot among the volunteers:

"On the night of the 31st ult. a fatal broke out among the volunteers on board a steamboat lying at an encampment opposite this city. The parties engaged were Irishmen and Germans, of the Georgia battalion. On board the boat were some three or four companies of Georgia volunteers. Of these there were a number of Irishmen, and a few Germans. Yesterday's issue, with later intelligence.

"It appears that Capt. Campbell of the Truxton, wishing to get his vessel near shore, to protect his boats while obtaining provisions, ordered a Midshipman to haul his boat out with a kedge. Mr. Poinsett, prior to this time, had been ordered by the Commandant to take command of the Truxton, and was in the act of getting his boat under way, when he discovered the vessel to be on fire. He immediately ordered the boat's crew to return to the vessel, and on reaching her, found the flames had made such progress, that the vessel was entirely consumed before any assistance could be rendered. They were hospitably received, complimented with a ball, and left next day with a guide of four men for Tampico, about 100 miles further north. Lieut. Hunter and his boat's crew got in use, captured a small Mexican schooner and came down to our present anchorage, making in all two officers (Lieuts. Berryman and Hunter) and 30 men aboard. As soon as the officers were in command, the Princeton immediately got under weigh and proceeded to the scene of disaster.

"The Truxton had not been found burning on the bay, and completely filled with water, having about four feet over the both deck. The mast was also finally wrenched by a high sea and the 32d that the boats of the Princeton could board her, when nothing it impossible to get her out of water, and she was found and completely burned. A few of the boat spars were brought off, but otherwise she is a total loss. She had been completely plundered and stripped by the Mexicans before the arrival of the Princeton. Her guns were found to have been thrown overboard. The Princeton ran into five fathoms water (she draws 21½ feet) and was then about 1½ miles distant, the swell was so heavy that the Princeton was forced to cut her cable and run to sea.

"After fixing the brig, the Princeton retired immediately on the 23d to this present anchorage, about 10 miles southward of Vera Cruz. At the time of the Princeton's departure, everything was quiet inside of shells. The town of Tuspan is back some eight miles distant. Several communications passed between the Princeton and the shore by flags of truce, and by them the fate of the captives was learnt.

"The entire Legare, sixty hours from Boston, arrived on the 15th with despatches for our Commodore, supposed relating to the three months armistice which the Texians, the Texians to this place is 450 miles, and was professedly under cruise, against strong head winds. The vessel was immediately sent to New Orleans for her boilers, which are in a bad condition, and proceeds her cruising ground. The Legare has on board Santa Anna left Vera Cruz for the city of Mexico, previous to which, however, he sent a polite invitation to the Commodore to meet him at his quarters in English Empire Endymion, the interview did not take place.

"A few days back one of the English frigate's boats came down in a violent rain squall with a communication for the Commodore; the next day a flag of truce was returned, but no answer at the time was transpired. The frigate Potomac is now expected by the latter of her cruise, the vessel has broken out on board of her, and she has now 140 cases of the dreadful disease. On the 7th, the Potomac had sent off from the Balize, but brought no intelligence of importance.

"The following is a list of the officers attached to the Truxton, at the period of the Tampico:—

"Commander E. W. Carpender, Acting Master, Isaac N. Briefield; Passed Midshipmen, John P. Gillis, Edward Hunter, Forest, George F. Cutter, Assistant Surgeon, John S. Messersmith—Midshipmen, Newton S. Burnett, Captain's Clerk, H. Williamson. Together with about fifty petty officers and seamen.

BATH AND WASHING HOUSES.

It may not perhaps be generally known, that considerable attention has been directed of late, in England, to the social condition of the poorer classes. Among other things that have been proposed for their benefit, has been the establishment of baths with washing houses connected with them, at which, for a small sum, the clothes of those families may be washed and dried, and the poor afforded accesses for such purposes at home. A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, gives an interesting account of the establishment of such baths and washhouses in London. Passing over the description of the baths with which most readers are probably familiar, we gather says:

"The washing department, occupying the remainder of the right wing of the establishment, is an entrance distinct from that to the baths. It consists of a long washing room, in which are placed sixty stalls, each with a pewter dripping machine, a series of hot air drying closets an ironing room, a mangling room and six mangles, and a drying room. Each washing stall is divided into two unequal parts, the larger one for washing in, whilst in the other linen may be boiled by means of a jet of steam thrown into the hot water at the bottom of the tub. The tubs are separated from one another by wooden partitions so that the occupant of any tub may continue her labor without being interrupted or overlooked; and each compartment is furnished with a shelf and other conveniences. After being washed, the clothes are put into a machine, in which they are whirled round at a great rate and the water driven out of them. This apparatus, which serves the purpose of wringing, is a patent, and is employed successfully at several other large establishments. The clothes are then hung up in drying-closets, which are supplied with currents of air, economically heated over the large furnace employed in warming the water for the baths and tubs. In situations adjacent to large towns, drying grounds are usually attached, and also an ironing apparatus. For the use of everything, but linen is excepted, for the space of three hours the charge is 1d, and with linen 2d—a term so trifling for the weekly washing, and dressing of a family's garments, as not to be beyond the reach of even the most humble individual. Before, for a space or a quantum of gin, any mother may keep herself, her husband, and her children, in a state of cleanliness and comfort.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

We perceive that some of the papers habitually speak of this individual as having been a worthy man, and a benefactor. But for our part we have never held up to public admiration the memory of a man who visited and screened through a whole lifetime, even to his dying hour, the hoard he could no longer keep, for the benefit of the orphan. He must do something with his money—he was cold-hearted and had no friends; and had no desire to leave a large a name to more relatives and therefore doubtless thought that he would compound for a hard and selfish life, by magnificently endowing an orphan by his death. But impartial history cannot be lulled in this manner. Stephen Girard left behind the reputation of being a close, hard hearted man while he lived, and the monument he has reared his memory will not, though the splendid monument raised by his eminence would, serve literally connect with indigestive falsehoods.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We have received of late, from various quarters stating that in some parts of the country our paper is not received till much later in the morning week than it should be, and that it is mailed regularly, and at an early period as it ever has been. We have found, on inquiry, that this complaint is well founded, and we note that matter, and see that there be no delay at their respective offices!

Since writing the above we find the following in the North American of this city:—

"The Mails are extremely irregular of late not only as regards the arrival of the Southern mails, but in the non-receipt of intelligence on time; but we notice in the Evening Intelligencer Richmond Chronicle, &c. complicate are almost daily entered against the conduct in which the mails are transmitted. Under the proper department discover some means of rendering these irregularities!"

A JUDGE.

We make our bow to the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Times for the following:

"The Saturday Evening Post should, we think, be ranked among the Magazines. Although in a folio-post form, it is equal in value to any of them, and to the general reader, who is oblivious to light literature, wants the current news of the day, it is much more."

BIBLES IN FRANCE.

The following anecdote of the late Duke Decazes is attached to the Bible in France, to them an Edinburgh Journal. It will be noticed there was no Bible in the house, but that the Duke sent to a bookseller for one for the Bible, as one had it. Why should they? that was not would the nothing of Bible? Why could it be that the Duke thought it would please the people of this country take walking from such facts, one it to the lazy?

"A gentleman passing in the week to have need of a Bible in the French version. I asked a friend (the Duke Decazes) if he had one. He said, 'No, I have lighted the habit.' The proprietor of the house, 'Oh! you are happy, Monsieur, to have such a thing, never had, and didn't know any body who had.' I went to several booksellers' shops to buy a Bible—who, was a Bible? An unconscious in the first store I entered I saw a Bible in his list. 'A Bible, Monsieur? Yes, Sir.' I asked whether it was a novel of Paul de Kock, a la bonne heure; but no such thing was there.

"Friends and acquaintances, and friends' friends were called upon, one after another, for the desired Bible, but each and all gave the same answer—that they had not one. Finally, I found a Bible—how or me who had a Bible—and didn't know where it was. It was to be found, seldom in some odd corner of the library of Monsieur, the archbishop.

"All the circulating libraries in the neighborhood were scanned, but without success—no Bible was to be found. I went to several booksellers' shops to buy a copy; and one was to be had for the moment, and that was borrowed for a few days at 12 sous. At last I went to the bibliotheque Royale, the great library. I begged a thousand pardons of Messrs. and there, after some difficulty, found the object of my search. I make no comments on this fact.

In connection with the above fact, and as a commentary upon the social condition of the country in which the Bible is not to be found, we copy the following anecdote, as the Foundling' are the prevailing literature, we should state that the narrative recently published in Paris, it appears that nearly one third of the children born in that city are illegitimate. The statement is, we believe, correct—at least, more reflect, we beg of you upon these things.

LIFE IN PARIS.

A French paper relates the following. It is a sample of life in Paris:

"In Dr. ——'s Paris, was returning home on Tuesday, o'n night, from the Champs Elysees, with his young and pretty wife upon his arm, he was met by a gentleman, who, by his dress and appearance much agitated, who cried out to entreat, ly, 'Doctor, follow me; a man's life is in danger, that the Doctor let go his wife's arm, saying that he would return as soon as possible. The young lady remained under the Boulevards so stupefied that the Doctor was obliged to lean to moderate his pace. The young man, however, still cried on, 'Sir, Dr. Dimmerson—not sight of him.' Not knowing what to do the Doctor waited a while—but as no one came to intimate where the patient lay, he was found, he resolved to return home, naturally supposing that if he was wanted he should be sent for. Upon arriving at home he was surprised to find that his wife had not come back. A night passed over, and still no wife, and after various inquiries among the lady's friends without success, he applied to the commissary of police. Not knowing what to do the Doctor waited a while—but as no one came to intimate where the patient lay, he was found, he resolved to return home, naturally supposing that if he was wanted he should be sent for. Upon arriving at home he was surprised to find that his wife had not come back. A night passed over, and still no wife, and after various inquiries among the lady's friends without success, he applied to the commissary of police. Mr. Eller, Mrs. Butler, Kate Dashwood, T. Buchanan Read, Alfred Street, Maria Del Occidente," Mrs. Campbell, &c., &c.

THE BOTANIC AND PHYSICO MEDICAL MANUAL, OR AMERICAN HOME BOOK OF HEALTH, by Dr. Samuel Thomson. *Edited by John Parker, M. D., V. P. R. S., P. C. S., Professor of Chemistry, &c. in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. G. B. Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of a comprehensive volume of this, we believe, truly valuable periodical. Its reputation abroad as an medical work has been established, by high and though we do not profess to be acquainted with the peculiar matters upon which it treats, yet we have no doubt that it will be found a valuable work, commending it to the medical public. The American edition is to be issued in 24 numbers, at 25 cents each, and will be afforded at the extremely low price of Three Dollars per annum.

THE MUSEUM OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. Published from the Counting House of Peter Hill, Nassau Street, Boston. *W. Crosby & H. P. Nichols.* Such is the name of a publication, the first number of which is now before us. We read, in the house of our literature, that the Museum is to be a weekly publication, and the charges brought by Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. are not such a kind as to deserve the name of a work of literary eminence—and yet, let justice be done though the whole heaven fall.

THE LADY'S BOOK. We have received the October number of this periodical, and recommend it to the notice of young friends who are not already taking it. It is a useful publication. The terms are $3 per annum, 50 cts. Sarah Josepha Hale, Editress.

THE CASKET. Messrs. Turner & Co. have sent us No. 22 of the Living Age. A production of which we have often praised, and, were there necessary, would do so again.

Political Intelligence.

ELECTION.—At the annual Election on New Jersey, Representatives to Congress, as well as members of the State Legislature, were chosen. The result in the Senate sent us by telegraph. The issue of the Hon. James W. Miller in the Senate of the United States was not elected, but the Hon. Mahlon Dickerson and Legislature will elect him successor.

STATE SENATORS are to be chosen for the full terms of three years in the following districts: Northern Middlesex, Burlington, Cape May, Sussex and Hunterdon. Of these all but the last one are now represented by Democrats. In the district of Cumberland Salem and Gloucester, the Democrats have a majority of 1,000 votes, and the Hon. Joseph Scott, the present incumbent, will be re-elected. In the district of Monmouth, Ocean, Mercer and Middlesex, the Democrats have a majority of 1,000 votes, and the Hon. Samuel Swain will be re-elected. In the district of Essex, Morris and Somerset, the Democrats have a majority of 1,000 votes, and the Hon. Samuel Swain will be re-elected. In the district of Hunterdon, Warren and Sussex, the Democrats have a majority of 1,000 votes, and the Hon. Samuel Swain will be re-elected.

ASSEMBLY.—The Democrats have a majority of 1,000 votes in the Assembly, and will elect 30 members. The Democrats have a majority of 1,000 votes in the Assembly, and will elect 30 members.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The Anniversary of the Battle of North Point, was celebrated on the 12th instant, at Bally more, in splendid style. A correspondent of the U. S. Gazette says:

"We have had the finest military parade I ever remember seeing in Baltimore. Three whole regiments, with numerous corps of artillery, and a strong troop of horse in the procession. Each company was fully represented, and all parties of that extensive procession were in good order and marched with some muscle. The troops of horse from Philadelphia, under command of Captain Pennington, was very much admired, and elicited much praise. The veterans after receiving proceeded to Carroll's woods and Mount Clare, where collations were served up, and all parties, each heard a speech.

FROM NAUVOO.

We regret to announce that there is still many disturbances in our sister city, Nauvoo, and indeed, in all Hancock county.

At the last advices the former party is not only awaiting the arrival of a reinforcement from St. Louis, but are also in possession of the Nauvoo Legion, whose right hundred strong.

The Nauvoo Legion, which has been equipped by the new settlers, and detached for a short time, has been released.

It is understood that the state authorities are not interested in their duty as not to interfere in this events, put down the rioters with the strong hand, and bring the offenders to punishment, and do justice between the two parties.

FELIX M'CONNELL.

The Hon. Felix M'Connell member of Congress from Kentucky, died suddenly at his seat in that state, on the 7th instant, of bilious fever. He was in his 49th year. He was a native of Kentucky, and was first elected to Congress in 1833, and was re-elected in 1835. He was a warm friend of Gen. Jackson, and was a supporter of his administration.

SAMUEL LOVER.

One of our correspondents says:

"Samuel Lover, the celebrated novelist, and humorist, is about to appear in New York. He possesses a strong stream of Irish humor."

Is it not rather a stream of Irish Kerosene? Are they any thing like Irish mountain? sometimes called "mists?"

A WORD.

We would inform a certain paltry publisher of this city, that we shall not honor him so much as to take any notice of his publications, and that we will not permit to consolidate every lowest that does across our paths—we generally prefer to let them go over first.

Local Intelligence.

FATAL SCALD.—Peter Conrad, clerk of, High street Market, on Thursday week, received a severe scald on his person, by the upsetting of a pot of coffee, which he had in his hands. Mr. Conrad is a young man, and we are grieved to learn that he is not expected to recover.

THE LATE STORM.—The recent gale from the northeast has it is known been the cause of considerable damage to the shipping along our coast. The correspondent of the Exchange at Lewes Del. mentions a number of vessels as having been driven ashore in that vicinity.

SUDDEN DEATH.—The sudden death of Mr. Benjamin Swain, of Cumberland county, is announced in the Bridgeton Chronicle. He was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 7th inst. Mr. Swain was a member of the Legislature from that county in 1835.

MARRIED.—The quantity taken this season by the Delaware and Raritan Canal Company, on the 17th of September, 1836. The quantity is very considerably larger than last year, at this time; but the quantity of the day of the time. Some of vessels have been very successful; but there will be another year voyages made this season.—*Fremont Register.*

THE PEACE WITH MEXICO.—The Union says of the letter published in the Tribune from Matamoras in reference to the terms of treaty with Santa Anna, "we are authorized to state in the most absolute and unqualified manner, that there is not a particle of truth in the whole story. From beginning to end, it is pure fiction; and it is no less absurd than false."

CASTING IRON CANNON BY THE GALVANIC PROCESS.—The late experiments made at Berlin of casting iron cannon by the galvanic-electric process were so successful that it has been determined to apply it to all the guns in the Prussian fortresses. A mass of 100,000 lunkers (375,000 lb.) has already been appreciated towards the execution of the plan.

THE DEBT OF TEXAS.—The amount of canal tolls collected at Buffalo, N. Y., during the present season exceeds that of last season by upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. The amount of which must have already passed eastward in 400,000 bushels more than was shipped during the whole of last season; of flour, 40,000 barrels more.

SPECIE.—A German, named Beeves, an Alsatian by birth, was found dead in his bed, at his residence in Bellevue, on Monday week, got intoxicated and slept in his wife's bed. He was found dead in bed and refused to admit him. He then walked down to the river and drowned himself in water not deep enough to cover his head. He was found dead.

A TASTE OF THE LADIES.—It is said that the railroad companies down east have resolved to raise the fare upon every lady wearing more than twenty petticoats. The excitement in relation to this matter is becoming very strong, and there is some talk of public indignation meetings in consequence.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Mr. Benjamin Swain, of Cumberland county, died suddenly on Wednesday week, passed on the Bridgeton Chronicle. He was found dead in bed on the morning of the 7th inst. Mr. Swain was a member of the Legislature from that county in 1835.

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EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.—Merchants of Liverpool, who wrote letters to Boston on the 19th of July, received answers from Monticello forty-three days afterwards. The steamship Cambria, on her late outward trip to England, in the early seven days, after losing sight of land at Halifax, before she made land on the other side.

FROM THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.—By an arrival at New York from Demerara, the Georgetown Gazette of the 24th ult. has been received. The Cooley system does not work well. An entire change in the existing rules, for the better management of the Coolies in the West Indies, is, or has been made

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison, Hamilton, Clermont, Ohio, is the Agent for the Saturday Post, Cincinnati Gazette, Commercial, and Chronicle, Louisville Journal, Cincinnati Enquirer, and Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. JOHN MORRISON, of Lexington, Ky., is the Agent for the Saturday Post, Cincinnati Gazette, Commercial, and Chronicle, Louisville Journal, Cincinnati Enquirer, and Louisville Courier-Journal.

JOHN MORRISON, Agent for Mr. M. Stevenson, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

Mr. T. E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Western States, including Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas.

Wm. H. Hoey, Wilson H. Wolf, John S. Wolf, & Henry T. S. Waterman, and John C. Wolf.

THOMAS BETTEN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New York.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions and subscriptions for the paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master selects the money (not receiving any) from the subscriber, and forwards a receipt to the person who deposited it, to whom the paper is to be sent. The receipt is then forwarded by the latter to the Publisher, who acknowledges the receipt of the money, and where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the persons for whom it is paid, and the person or agent for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master to whom the paper is to be paid or the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Mutton, Pa., September 10, 1845.*

Received from John Jones, Esq., Sterling, two dollars on account of the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from *the first June* last, to *the first June* next, which he will credit with the amount thus paid on account of the Post Master of Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publisher of the Post, on the presentation of this receipt, properly endorsed.

JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

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(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the interference of the Post Office regulations, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment or subscription, to the Publishers direct.

General News.

BIRD OUTRAGE AND ATTEMPT TO MURDER.—The Lancaster, (Ohio,) Gazette of the 11th inst. gives the following statement

"Our citizens were thrown into the greatest consternation this morning, by the report, that an attempt had been made to rob and murder the cashier of the Lancaster Bank, Mr. C. T. Symmes. It appears from the best information we can obtain, that about two o'clock she was awakened by her husband who spoke to her, when by a light which the burglar had brought in with him, he saw her. She rescued a man, with his back toward them, at work at the bureau. The villain immediately turned and caught Mr. S. by the throat, and then left him to go into that hoodoed fellow. (Deacon Parker, of South Newberg, had paid Mr. S. this money the previous evening, and in the presence of the assassin.)

A violent scuffle ensued between them, which lasted some time, during which time the wife of the burglar made an attempt to kill Mr. S. with a razor by cutting his throat. He succeeded in inflicting a very severe wound in the right side of the throat about three inches long, striking the windpipe, barely escaping the regular vein and carotid artery. Mr. S. also received a severe cut in the right hand, one inches long, as well as several others of a slight nature about her arms and person, at which there is no danger or loss of life. The wife of the villain is also wounded, but will probably recover.

Mr. S. was awakened by the noise or more of the villain's fingers into his mouth, which he bit with such force as to loosen all his front teeth. This is the only clue that has been obtained.

The scoundrel is well known to both Mr. and Mrs. S., but neither of them will now tell his name, as they both say they would rather die than to have it, that if he would spare their lives. We trust they will yet be induced to change their obligations to so vile a character, and bring him to justice. He is about 5 feet 8 inches high, and has stout and well built frame and an alcohol between the eyes and nose, which is very red. He is about 30 years old.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Symmes, having become satisfied that his oath of secrecy was not binding on the part of the villain, made a full disclosure of the matter to the Sheriff. He is a German, and came to Lancaster from New York about a year and a half ago. He is about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, light complexion, fluid, round face, toothless, and speaks with a German accent. The Detective of the Bank has been offered a reward of $500 for his capture.

THE SUGAR CROP.—The New Orleans Times publishes the following statement of the sugar crops for the last twenty years.

Crop of 1845.	Hogsheads.	Crop of 1825.	Hogsheads.
1845,	200,000	1835,	215,000
1844,	200,000	1834,	75,000
1843,	175,000	1833,	140,000
1842,	90,000	1832,	90,000
1841,	87,000	1831,	76,000
1840,	200,000	1830,	100,000
1839,	210,000	1829,	95,000

In regard to the growing crop, the Times says:

"The prospects for the growing crop are not considered as favorable as they were at the same time last year. Some of the planters think that the yield then promised to exceed that of any former season, whilst the result shows a virtual defect of 25 per cent. The prospect of a yield this year of 150,000 is a sufficient proof of the very precarious nature of the cultivation of the cane. In consequence of the cold and wet spring, accompanied by a great fall of rain in the early part of August, the plant is generally backward, and the crop is subject to the influence of severe frost; but the increased quantity of new lands placed under cultivation, will compensate, in a great measure, for the injury done to the old, and if the season become favorable, the crop may exceed that of last year. Under the most favorable circumstances, however, which are in the charge of almost sightless hundred hands, the loss and waste of the ripened cane by blow, lodger, is estimated at nearly a million of dollars.

SINGULAR.—It is stated that the government is enlisted in all that is known by them relative to the boundary question between the United States and Texas, and can recollect in California, by which that great territory is said to have become annexed to the United States. Information has been received in Washington. The British Admiral was in doubt what he should do under the circumstances, and learned that he had not the power to act. He then applied to the Governor General of Canada. Dispatches, we understand, on the part of the government of the United States is now disbursing among the inhabitants of the Texas and Mexican side of the Rio Grande per day for wagons, provisions, cattle, horses, &c. and that before the Columbian expedition leaves the Sabine for the scene of action, it will have received from from $300,000 to $500,000, as a premium and additions to the emigration of the West. From one of the correspondents of annexation, we believe they will not complain. And another will be that being of those who have been the most opposed to annexation, will be certain to remain, at the end of the war, as permanent settlers. This distribution will be a new monument to the wisdom of the Texas and more laborious classes, where it is most needed, and will contribute most to the general prosperity of the country.

LYNCH LAW IN LOUISIANA.—A letter from Kenneville, La. to the Baltimore Sun, relates a most aggravated case of lynching which occurred within the limits of that place, a few weeks since. The letter says:

A somewhat feeling fact hundred dollars is in the hands of the Post Office regulation, and the amount, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment or subscription, to the Publishers direct.

A negro man, the property of one of the wealthiest planters in this section, was found murdered in the woods, about two miles from the residence of his master, on Saturday last, the 30th ult. The negro

Choice Selections.

THE LITTLE ERRAND RUNNER.

BY A. SMART.

I never saw a bairnie yet,
An errand rin sae fleet as Mary,
And oh, she's proud the praise to get,
When hame she trips as light's a fairy.
In ae wee hand the change she grips,
And what she's sent for in the ither,
Then like a lintie in she skips,
Sae happy aye to please her mither.

She never stops wi' bairns to play,
But a' the road as she gaes trottin',
Croons to hersel' what she's to say,
For fear a word should be forgotten;
And then as clear as A B C,
The message tells without a blunder,
And like a little eident bee,
She's hame again—a perfect wonder.

It's no for hire that Mary rins,
For what ye gi'e she'll never tease ye;
The best reward the lassie wins
Is just the pleasure aye to please ye.
If bairns would a' example tak',
And never on their errands tarry,
What happy hames they aye would mak',
Like our wee errand-rinnin' Mary!

A Western Sketch.

A TALE OF OREGON.
The Midnight Ride.

Some years ago, when the American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay traders carried on a powerful opposition in the wild and rocky Oregon Territory, little forts were erected, whence a commerce in peltries was made with the Indians. One of these, in a beautiful valley, by a little stream, near the Grand Bayou Salado—a great resort for game of all kinds—was called Spokan Fort. Its owner and governor, James M'Pherson, a Scotchman, had left home a poor lad, but with the characteristic perseverance of his countrymen had acquired wealth. Pushing into those wilds, his enterprise and sagacity had enabled him to compete with all his rivals in their exciting and hazardous trade. It is the constant study of opposition companies and traders to out-general each other, and these efforts give rise to almost superhuman exertion, tending to sharpen the wits of all concerned in a sensible manner. He who shows the greatest knowledge of Indian tastes, of haunts of the beaver and buffalo, of times to move and times to go into winter quarters, is sure to make the best campaign.

It was about two years after the establishment of the fort, and when all were in activity and bustle, that Edward Ray, a Louisianian, obtained an appointment under the owner, and had conveyed from New Orleans a cargo of merchandise for the company. In addition, he had taken, to rejoin her father, Miss M'Pherson, with a female attendant. So long and peculiar a journey—up the Mississippi and across the bluffs and grassy plains, and over the Rocky Mountains—necessarily made the young people intimate, and unreflectingly, a mutual affection had arisen between them. Arrived at their journey's end, Ray became a clerk, and the heiress presided over her father's establishment. Whatever were her feelings, the poor clerk never sought to learn: and so reserved and taciturn was he that the young girl thought herself deceived in him. Ray was not of a sanguine turn, and seeing no means of rising to a level with his master, he allowed despondency to unnerve his spirit. Faithful to his trust, he made no advances.

Some months after his arrival, a time approached for a regular meeting with the Indians, when the whole fortunes of the year would be decided. It was usual to appoint a place for the natives to collect their beaver and other skins, where the traders repaired, and whoever offered the best prices obtained the best market. Two days before the appointed time, the inmates of the fort were seated at their evening meal. M'Pherson, his daughter, Ray, and three other clerks, were heartily discussing the wild delicacies spread before them, when a bustle was heard without, and soon a half-breed hunter appeared on the threshold.

"What news, Nick?" said M'Pherson, who recognized in the intruder a scout sent out to learn the proceedings of the rival traders.

"Bad," said Nick, "Master Sublette got ahead of Spokan; Indians at camp, plenty of beaver. Master Sublette buy up all, but him got no tobacco, so he send away to Brown for some—then smoke, and buy all the beaver."

"Why, that is good news," said the trader, "if Sublette has no tobacco, all is right. We have plenty; and not an Indian will sell a skin till he has had a good puff at the pipe of peace. So up, my men! you must away and out-general Sublette, by taking Johnson a good supply of the weed."

"All very fine," said Nick, shaking his head, "but Sublette know a trick or two of that; a hundred Blackfeet laying in the woods; not get through them till the market is over."

"The Blackfeet! then we are beat! What's to be done?" cried M'Pherson.

"How many bales will do?" said Ray.

"If Johnson, our agent, had but one," replied the desponding trader, "all would be right. It is impossible however, and this year is lost to me."

"By no means," said Ray, rising, all his native energy beaming in his eye, "Johnson *shall* have a bale, or my scalp will hang in a Blackfoot hut before morning."

"Edward!" exclaimed Mary M'Pherson, with an alarmed glance.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Ray?" said McPherson gravely, even sternly.

"I am, sir. Give me Wild Polly, and trust me to accomplish your wish."

"You will go alone, then?"

"I will."

McPherson ordered his favorite mare to be saddled, and in half an hour, Ray, with two bales of tobacco before him, and armed to the teeth, sallied forth from Spokan amid the plaudits of the party. Mary hastily retired to her room, to find relief for her overburthened heart in a flood of tears—the gate was shut slowly as the young adventurer passed out of sight, the sentinel was posted for the night, and the chief, seated by his fireplace, smoking, became gradually absorbed in deep meditation.

Ray rode slowly down the valley, as he thought of his journey of seventy miles, among blood thirsty Indians, who would delight in taking the pale face prisoner, with his mare and bales of tobacco. He felt his was a doubtful, nay, a rash enterprise; but under the circumstances, and bethinking in whose presence he had undertaken it, he disdained to turn back.

Half an hour brought him to the edge of a vast plain. He could see under the light of the moon no track of the Blackfeet, and delighted with travelling thus, thousands of miles from civilization, he put spurs to the mare, which trotted swiftly in the direction of the Indian mart. By the sagacity of the animal, Ray avoided an encampment of savages in the border of a forest. Skirting along it for some distance, he dashed slowly in, and had nearly passed through, when the silence of the night was broken by a loud and fierce yell, and immediately after he descried a party of Blackfeet in full and eager pursuit. To drop his merchandise he would not, and swiftly and unflaggingly the gallant beast bore him onward—so fiercely and determinedly was the pursuit kept up, that an hour's hard riding did not increase the distance between the pursuers and the pursued.

Ray's path now lay through a cane-brake, where the reeds rose ten feet high, dry and parched, and where he hoped to rest himself and mare; but suddenly a dark form stood at the very entrance to the brake, mounted on a stout horse. Seizing a pistol, the clerk sped his course directly towards the seeming savage, who just in time to save himself, hastily cried out, "All right—it's saucy Nick!"

No time that for greeting, and together they hastened on, but not till the half breed had fired the reeds, which soon arose a wall of flame between them and their pursuers—a magnificent spectacle—but terrible to the beasts and birds which it aroused from their slumbers, and whose cries mingled with the roar of the dazzling fire as it crept to the sight and left in sparkling and brilliant chains.

"Nick," said Ray, as side by side, they dashed across the prairie, "how met we? I left you at the fort."

"No; Nick started half an hour first. Would not let brave pale face go alone; found him chased by the Blackfeet, but Indian no take Master Ray. Nick know a trick worth two of that. But, hush! Blackfeet in valley!"

A flash, and the crack of guns fired in haste, showed that Nick was right; giving a volley in reply, without pausing to discover its effect, the pair galloped onwards, and once more emerged upon the plain. Nick led the way, and diverging from the ordinary route, entered a stream, the course of which they kept until satisfied that pursuit was baffled when they retook the ordinary track.

By daylight they reached the great camp, where the Indians had pitched their tents to traffic with the rival whites. To the right were seen the wagons of Sublette; to the left, those of Johnson, M'Pherson's agent, who they found in low spirits, as his opponent expected a supply of tobacco in the afternoon, when all chance for Spokan would be over; but as Ray detailed his object and success, the agent's eyes glistened, and he exclaimed, "Bravo, Mr. Ray! I'd just like to be in your shoes, for if you have not made old Mac's fortune, my name aint Johnson. Such prime beavers you never saw. By the head of Gen. Jackson, but you're a lucky dog!" Ray, delighted, partook of a hasty dish of food, and the day's work began. First the chiefs were summoned, and regaled, to Sublette's consternation, with a liberal smoke, and it was then extended to every Indian present. Seated around Johnson's tent, the Spokan, Kaaloops, Chaudieres, Sinaboines, and other tribes, enjoyed their luxury with unmixed satisfaction; and, when the barter commenced they disposed of their skins in an equally liberal manner. Such was the activity of the Spokan agents, that when Sublette's supply of tobacco arrived not a beaver or a 'coon skin remained for a market!

Aware that the Blackfeet, when discovered, would draw off, Ray and Nick after a short repose, mounted fresh horses, and after an unsafe and disagreeable journey over the yet smouldering grass were received with open arms at Spokan fort. McPherson forthwith drew Ray to his counting-room, motioned him to a seat, installed himself at his ledger, with pen in hand. Ray related his dangers, his escape, modestly but fully, and also their extraordinary success.

"Know, lad," said the delighted old man, "you have brought me the best year's trade I ever had, and I count it no small thing to beat Captain Sublette."

"I am much gratified, sir, that I have been instrumental in serving you."

"That is very well," said the trader, pushing up his spectacles, "but tell me why you, generally so slow and cold, should suddenly do so much for me?"

"It was the first opportunity I had of doing what others would not do."

"Do you expect no share in the great advantage of last night's adventures?"

"That I leave to you sir."

"Now, Mr. Ray, I wish you to be thoroughly frank. You must have some motive in thus suddenly risking your life for me; what is it? You have doubled my fortune, let me do you some service in return."

Ray saw that the worthy merchant was still in the dark, and smiling, said, "My ambition has been to share your good fortune, and did my hopes equal my wishes, I might say I had hoped one day to possess all you now hold!"

"What—a partner? The idea is a bold one, but after what you have done, I see no insuperable bar to it."

"Sir," said Ray, hurriedly, "I am content to be your clerk, if you will, all my life; but you have a daughter—"

"Whew!" cried the astonished merchant, "sits the wind in that quarter! And pray, sir, does she know of this?"

"You recollect a long journey when we were inseparable companions—"

"Oh, I recollect all; but, pray, does my daughter encourage you?"

"She'll speak for herself, dear father," exclaimed Mary, who at that moment entered; "I did encourage him, for I thought him worthy of it. Of late Mr. Ray almost discouraged my resolution, but his late devotion to your interest convinced me that it was the same Edward Ray I had travelled with from New Orleans."

"And so," said the trader, pettishly, "you have arranged it all, it seems, and I am to have no voice in the matter."

"We arranged nothing, dear father, but leave it all to you."

It will readily be believed that Edward Ray and Mary McPherson had no great difficulty in arranging the matter with the good Scotchman. In a few weeks, Ray was not only son-in-law but partner at Spokan; and I believe none of the parties have yet had cause to regret the midnight ride over the bluff-surrounded prairies of the wild Oregon.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

JASMINE, WHITE. *Amiability.*

You bear a gentle mind and heavenly
Blessings follow such creatures. *Shaks.*

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind. *Lyttleton.*

Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul. *Rogers.*

Jasminum, L. from the Greek *iasme*, a fragrant ointment, or perfume, alluding to the sweet scent of the flowers.

Jasminum, a genus containing plants of the hardy and tender, deciduous, and evergreen, shrubby kinds: rarely double, with varieties of white, or yellow flowers. Our common white Jasmine, is a native of the East, hardy, but not evergreen.

Jasmines, some like silver spray,
Some like gold in the morning ray;
Fragrant stars, and favorites they.
Indian Bride.—Garland of Flora.

The image of love, that nightly flies
To visit the bashful maid,
Steals from the *jasmine* flower, that sighs
Its soul, like her, in the shade. *Moore.*

The *jasmine*, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stores. *Cowper.*

The jasmine, with which the queen of flowers,
To charm her God, adorns his favorite bowers;
Which brides, by the plain hand of neatness drest,
Unenvied rival! wear. *Churchill.*

JASMINE, YELLOW. *Grace and Elegance.*

Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp. *Milman.*

The Carolina yellow jasmine (figured in Catesby's Carolina,) grows naturally and most luxuriantly in our Southern States, spreading over the hedges, and in graceful festoons over the tallest trees, perfuming the air to a great distance with its delicious fragrance.

With us, it is a well known elegant climbing shrub, having smooth, simple, opposite, lanceolate *leaves*,—and axillary, funnel shaped, yellow flowers.

ICE PLANT. *Rejected Addresses.*

I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth,
In voices well divulged, learned and valiant,
And in dimensions, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him.
Shaks.

The *Mesembryanthemum Crystallinum*, or ice plant, is a well known tender annual, much admired for appearing as if frosted over, or encrusted with frozen dew. This appearance is caused by innumerable little bladders in the cuticle, filled with a limpid juice: to the touch the whole herb is cold, and remarkably flaccid. Its *stem* spreads widely on the ground, bearing numerous broad undulating *leaves*, alternate, ovate, waved, papillary; *flowers* nearly sessile, copious, of a pale rose color; *fruit* dark purple.

HYDRANGEA. *A Boaster.*

One whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony. *Shaks.*

The lad of all sufficient merit,
With modesty, ne'er damps his spirit. *Gay.*

A native of the East—cultivated in the gardens of China and Japan, from whence it was introduced into England, by Sir Joseph Banks, in 1790.

This plant is nearly allied to Viburnum and Sambucus. Soon after its introduction into England, it was observed that some of the plants produced flowers of a *fine blue color*, from cuttings taken from the *rose colored* varieties. Some conjectured it was caused by oxyd of iron; others, that it originated from salt, or saltpetre, being accidentally mixed in the earth. It was also observed, that a cutting from the rose colored variety, that had been planted in the soil of the healthy commons, mixed with a portion of turf ashes, produced *blue flowers*. The owner of this plant, a poor cottage woman, refused ten guineas for it, being unwilling to part with a plant that had been reared by a child whom she had lost; but she gladly sold cuttings from it, all of which produced flowers of the original *rose color*, having been planted in common garden soil.

In our own country, the *rose colored* Hydrangea has been made to bear *blue flowers*, when fed with *marsh mud*, as has been tested a few miles below Annapolis, on Black River.

We find the flower made emblematical of a *boaster*, whose vaunting words resemble the abortive flowers—large and showy, without being followed by suitable results.

☞ Dr. Franklin used to say that rich widows were the only piece of secondhanded goods that sold at prime cost.

Our Picture Gallery.

DUNBARTON CASTLE.

DUNBARTON CASTLE.

In passing down the Clyde, after having proceeded about fifteen miles from Glasgow, Scotland, the traveller finds himself opposite to a very lofty dark-colored rock, rising from the level sands, almost close to the right bank of the river. This is the Castle of Dunbarton. It appears to have been a military fortress almost from the first occupation of this part of the island.

The rock itself was wont to be looked upon as the key to the western highlands, and as therefore one of the most important of the Scottish fortresses. It is, as we have mentioned, of very great height; and about half way up it divides, and forms two summits, with a large chasm or hollow between. In this hollow is a well, about fourteen feet deep, which affords a constant supply of water. Dunbarton certainly would not now stand a well-conducted assault above a *few hours*; but it used to be deemed all but inaccessible, and therefore impregnable, except by the expedient of starving the garrison. There was anciently a track by which it could be ascended from the northern side; but that has been long built up; and the only access to the buildings now is from the south. Of these buildings the principal is the Governor's house, which is fortified by a few cannon. The garrison consists merely of a small number of invalids.

Amply protected, however, by nature against both force and stratagem as Dunbarton Castle was deemed to be, it was once taken by assault; and the exploit is altogether one of the most extraordinary on record. In 1571 a truce had been arranged between the adherents of the Scottish Queen, Mary, and her opponents, or as they called themselves, the party of the King, her son. It expired on the 1st of April. The Regent, or head of the insurgents, at this time was the old Earl of Lennox, the grandfather of the young King. According to some accounts it was the Regent himself who devised the scheme of attempting, as soon as the truce should be over, to surprise the Castle of Dunbarton, the only fortress now held by the Queen, and of which Lord Fleming was the Governor. Robertson, however, who chiefly follows Buchanan, tells the story as follows; the Crawford mentioned is Captain Thomas Crawford of Jordan Hill:—"A soldier who had served in the garrison, and had been disgusted by some ill usage, proposed the scheme to the Regent, endeavored to demonstrate that it was practicable, and offered himself to go the foremost man on the enterprise. It was thought prudent to risk any danger for so great a prize. Scaling-ladders and whatever else might be necessary, were prepared with the utmost secrecy and despatch. All the avenues to the Castle were seized, that no intelligence of the design might reach the Governor. Towards evening Crawford marched from Glasgow with a small but determined band. By midnight they arrived at the bottom of the rock. The moon was set, and the sky, which hitherto had been extremely clear, was covered with a thick fog. It was where the rock was highest that the assailants made their attempt, because in that place there were few sentinels, and they hoped to find them least alert. The first ladder was scarcely fixed, when the weight and eagerness of those who mounted brought it to the ground. None of the assailants were hurt by the fall, and none of the garrison alarmed at the noise. Their guide and Crawford scrambled up the rock, and fastened the ladder to the roots of a tree which grew in a cleft, this place they all reached with the utmost difficulty, but were still at a great distance from the foot of the wall. Their ladder was made fast a second time; but in the middle of the ascent they met with an unforeseen difficulty. One of their companions was seized with some sudden fit, and clung, seemingly without life, to the ladder. All were at a stand—it was impossible to pass him. To tumble him headlong was cruel; and might occasion a discovery. But Crawford's presence of mind did not forsake him. He ordered the soldier to be bound fast to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit was over; and turning the other side of the ladder, they mounted with ease over his belly. Day now began to break, and there still remained a high wall to scale; but, after surmounting so many difficulties, this was soon accomplished. A sentry observed the first man who appeared on the parapet, and had just time to give the alarm before he was knocked on the head. The officers and soldiers of the garrison ran out naked, unarmed, and more solicitous about their own safety, than capable of making resistance. The assailants rushed forward with repeated shouts, and with the utmost fury took possession of the magazine; seized the cannon; and turned them against their enemies. Lord Fleming got into a small boat, and fled all alone into Argyleshire. Crawford, in reward of his valor and good conduct, remained master of the Castle; and as he did not lose a single man in the enterprise, he enjoyed his success with unmixed pleasure." Among other prisoners who were taken on this occasion was Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's. He was next day hanged on a tree at Stirling, after undergoing the mockery of a trial, in which it was not even pretended that anything was proved against him. "Fair and fortunate tree, may'st thou ever bear such fruit!" was the exclamation, expressed in Latin, with which those who had been long thirsting for his blood insulted the dying moments of the unfortunate prelate. Two other gentlemen named Hume and Ramsay are recorded in some of the other accounts to have been associated with Crawford in conducting this enterprise; and it was Ramsay who first gained the top of the wall and despatched the sentinel. The name of the soldier who acted as guide, and who is said to have previously given up his wife and child as hostages for his fidelity, was Robertson. One thing is very remarkable, however, with regard to the principal incident of the story, as given by Buchanan and his copyists, that, namely, of the soldier who was seized with the fit, and lashed to the ladder. A very long and particular detail of the whole affair is given in the Journal of Richard Bannatyne, first published at Edinburgh in 1806, by Mr. John Graham Dalyell, in his Illustrations of Scottish History, and neither in the writer's own narrative (composed immediately after the event) nor in a letter which he transcribes from Crawford himself to John Knox, and which professes to contain a full account of everything that happened, is this incident noticed or alluded to. This is a very curious illustration of what the grounds of history often are, and it is equally so whether we suppose Buchanan's story to be true or false.

Since this period Dunbarton Castle has been frequently employed as a place of custody for state prisoners. The Regent, Morton, soon after the capture above detailed, was confined here for some time previous to his execution. Here also some of the Scottish royalists were shut up on the commencement of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I.

The substance of this rock is a basaltic formation of black whinstone, and it is in several parts magnetic,—a circumstance which is noticed by Buchanan, who supposes, however, that at a particular place a large loadstone is fastened in the rock and has been imperceptibly united with it. Most basaltic formations possess magnetic power.

☞ Young ladies who are accustomed to read newspapers, are always observed to possess winning ways, most amiable dispositions, invariably make good wives, and always select good husbands.

Selected Poetry.

TO A LADY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

How lone the hour—the dim cold night
Hath settled round me still and lone,
And on me rests the feeble light
From fading fire and taper thrown.
How wearily the time goes on!
And yet how silently the hours
Have passed me slowly one by one,
Nor weighed to sleep the mind's high powers.
I feel the leaden moments pass
My weary eye-lids—but they bring
To the mind's weary wakefulness
No grateful spell of slumbering.
The presence of no breathing thing
Disturbs the awful quietude,
Nor voice nor sound is here to bring
Discordance o'er a thoughtful mood!
And I have mused on vanished hours,
And brought their changeful visions back,
And sighed above the fair young flowers,
That died along my wayward track.
The day passed off amid the throng
Of heartless and designing men,
The feelings I have cherished long,
Were frozen or forgotten then.
I would not pour the heartless strain,
Amid the grovelling things of earth;
But they have passed, and once again
The current of the soul comes forth;—
Again the strain which thou hast loved—
The chords which now have slept so long,
Since o'er the lyre of spirit moved
The passion and the fire of song.
I cannot sing as I have sung,
It were a mockery now to thee—
Dead, dead are all the hopes that clung—
Frail vine wreaths round a blighted tree!
And weariness, I know not why,
Hath stayed the fiery zeal of truth,
And life grows darker to the eye,
That reads it with the glance of youth.
It may be that this change is one
That sheds its blightings over all—
A spell that may not be undone,
A portion of our earthly fall!—
A shadow of earth's primal curse,
So kindred with our transient stay,
That morning's life would seem to us
Less bright than that of yesterday.
Lady! I do not offer up
The burning words of passion now,
My love would be a bitter cup
To one so young and blessed as thou;
And I have learned since last we met,
Too much of my own heart to tell
Of thoughts which haunt my spirit yet,
In visions which it loves too well!
I know not how it is—but when
My heart's affection twined around
Some blessed being who had been
The angel of the enchanted ground
Of dreaming romance,—I have seen
The land recede, the forms depart,
And selfish feelings glide between
The union of hand and heart.
So let it be—I cannot love
With those deep feelings which remain
The same when scorn and trifling prove
The temper of affection's chain;
The fires of hate are easy fanned,
When trusting love is met with scorn,
And hearts grow harder when the hand
Of proffered friendship is withdrawn.
I met thee when the Spring was twining
Her garlands upon Nature's brow,
And sun and moon and stars were shining
More beautifully far than now.
At least it seemed so, and the hours
Went by on Fancy's golden wing;
And streams danced lighter, and the flowers
Were gayer in their blossoming.
I knew that thou wert one to whom
The charms of earth were full of power—
Whose spirit revelled in the bloom
And beauty, of the blessed hours
Of Nature's spring-time; and I knew
That gift of mind was strangely high,
And that its light was flashing through
The darkness of thy glorious eye,
Like lightning thro' the cloud; I felt
That thou wert one to be beloved—
And bowed the knee which ne'er had knelt,
The heart before unmoved!
We parted when the Summer's sigh
Was dying upon Autumn's ear,
And coldest shadows swept the sky,
And flower and leaf were dim and sear.
One clasp of hand, one earnest word;
For kind remembrance—one deep sigh
From the heart's inmost temple heard—
One moment's glistening of the eye,
And all was over—months have passed,
Nay, years, and we have met no more—
That meeting was perchance our last
Of rapture on life's troubled shore.
Perhaps 'tis well it should be thus—
That kindred hearts should wildly sever,
And bliss, which love has promised us,
Be turned aside and lost forever.
It may be that the proud heart needeth
This chastening from affliction's rod,
And that the broken spirit heedeth
More gratefully the voice of God;
That fixed to low and sensual things,
The soul, forgetful of its birth,
And robbed of its etherial wings,
Would half become a thing of earth;
That every blow misfortune gives,
But breaks some chain that binds us here,
And every shade the heart receives,
But makes the eye of faith more clear.
Perhaps, indeed, I should not hold
Dominion o'er one trusting heart,
For grief hath made my spirit cold,
And wrong hath steeled its milder part.
The world has not been kind to me,
And I have met with cold disdain,
The trusting few who sought to be
The sharers of my hours of pain.
For I have known the cold repulse
That wealth can proffer to the low,
And felt demoniac hate convulse
Each muscle of my burning brow;—
And clenched the trembling lip and hand,
At wrongs the humble heart must bear
While vengeance, like a burning brand,
Was lighting up strange passion there.
Oh! men may wrestle at the stake,
With the dread summoner of all,
And thro' war's serried legions break,
As engines through a leaguered wall:
There's dignity in battling thus!
But who can bear the heartless sneer,
When poverty becomes a curse,
And industry calls forth a jeer,
And sacred words are made the mirth
And by-word of the baser kind,
And soulless wretches—dregs of earth,
Tread out the holy light of mind.
Lady, farewell! I know thy heart,
Its angel strength to raise above
The cold reserve, the studied art,
That mock the glowing wing of love.
Its thought are purer than the pearl
That slumbers where the wave is driven,
Yet freer than the winds that furl
The banners of the clouded Heaven.
And thou hast been the brightest star
That shone along my weary way,
Brighter than rainbow visions are,
A changeless and enduring ray.
Nor will my memory lightly fade
From thy pure dreams, high thoughted girl;
The ocean may forget what made
Its blue expanse of waters curl,
When the strong winds have passed,—the sky
In its rich sunshine may forget
The recent clouds that floated by—
The glories of its last sunset;
But not from thy unchanging mind,
Shall fade the dreams of other years,
And love shall linger far behind,
In memory's resting place of tears!

☞ Michigan is said to be one of the first fruit-growing States in the Union.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 21, 9, 1, 21, 11, 18, 17, is one of the United States.
My 12, 11, 6, 21, 3, 22, is a county in South Carolina.
My 1, 11, 20, is a river in Sweden.
My 7, 8, 6, 20, 21, 14, is a town in Prussia.
My 12, 11, 6, 17, 12, 8, 3, is a river in Missouri.
My 20, 21, 12, 8, 6, 21, 3, 10, is a town in Ireland.
My 3, 9, 10, 4, 6, 8, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 5, 3, 21, 20, 20, 11, is a river in Florida.
My 12, 11, 22, 18, 8, is one of the United States.
My 7, 8, 6, 11, 4, is a town in Turkey.
My 7, 11, 9, 10, 2, 6, is a town in Maine.
My 12, 8, 1, 22, 14, 17, is a county in Ohio.
My 10, 6, 11, 9, 19, 20, 13, 9, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 8, 20, 10, 21, 9, is a town in Scotland.
My 8, 20, 7, 8, is a river in Germany.
My 2, 9, 4, 17, 6, 21, 2, is a lake in New York State.
My whole was a celebrated man. J. K. S.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The crew of a ship consisted of her complement of sailors, and a number of soldiers. Now there were 22 men to every 3 guns, and 10 over. Also the whole number of hands was 5 times the number of soldiers and guns together. But after an engagement in which the slain were ¼ of the survivors, there wanted 5 to be 13 men to every 2 guns. Required to find the number of guns, soldiers and sailors. B. F. B.

RIDDLE.

First, you're to learn, I am a living creature,
But yet, observe, I don't possess one feature;
I'm black, I'm white, I'm yellow, red and brown;
Sometimes I'm very small, sometimes well grown;
Slender and delicate I oft appear,
And frequently a coarse plump figure wear;
In rags am seen, and such a dirty plight,
All own I am not fit to come in sight;
Yet oft in gold and silver I appear,
Adorn'd with braids of lovely color'd hair,
And pearls and gems of richest lustre wear.
Now that my shape, complexion, dress, are told,
My different qualities I'll next unfold.
Vice, Folly, Vanity, from me proceed,
And I perform each prudent, virtuous deed;
In acts of sweet humanity employ'd,
Yet through my means is innocence destroy'd;
The greatest earthly blessings I bestow,
And I create unutterable woe.

RIDDLE.

Good folks, I pray, my name declare,
For surely without me
You neither would be tall nor fair,
Nor could you clearly see.
Graceful you never would be deem'd,
Nor amiable, nor smart;
And tho' you might be much esteem'd,
You'd never gain a heart.
To cards and dancing I'm a friend,
At balls I'm often one;
And though no vice I ne'er attend,
Virtue I always shun.

CONUNDRUMS.

Who was the father of Zebedee's children?

What was the name of that great commander, who, although he was killed in an engagement, yet came home in good spirits at last?

Who is that lady whose visits nobody wishes, though her mother is welcomed by all parties.

Who was the greatest man that England ever produced?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

RIDDLES.
CLOCK.
ROSE.
PEACOCK.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION
4 OXEN, 2 COWS, 2 CALVES. 92 SHEEP.

CONUNDRUMS.
THAT WHICH IS NOT EATEN.
TO DIE.
HE CANNOT BE TOLD IT.
IT CONTAINS KNAVES.

Grammatical.

ERRATA AMERICANA.
NUMBER ONE.

FROM THE NEWARK DAILY ADVERTISER.

I suppose it is an indisputable fact, that the English language is spoken with greater propriety by the *mass* of the people in the United States than in the mother country. But it must be confessed, that among those who claim to belong to the educated class of society, numerous blunders and even *vulgarisms* are current, which afford just matter of sport and ridicule to those who wish to preserve the purity of our mother tongue. Some of these have become so familiar, both to the ear and to the eye, that it is to be apprehended some future lexicographer will try to sanction them as legitimate English, for the sake of shielding the literary reputation of his countrymen. (What has already been done may be done again.)

The most notable and frequent mistakes probably occur in the use of the following verbs:

Pres. Pret. P. Part.
LIE LAY LAIN; (LIEN; old English.) Verb neuter, *to rest in a horizontal position.*
LAY LAID LAID. Verb active—*to put or place a thing horizontally.*

The misuse of these two words is a matter of daily occurrence. Although perfectly distinct in their import, the one is often used for the other. And the more care is necessary from the fact, that the Preterite tense of the former is identical, in *form*, with the Present of the latter.

Not only do these mistakes occur in colloquial discourse, but they are of daily occurrence in our public journals. The following examples will serve as specimens:

"The ship arrived on Saturday and now *lays* at pier No. 1," &c.

"He was *laying* on the bed," &c.

"The steward then went and *laid* down upon the deck," &c.

It may be said, by way of excuse, that such mistakes are the blunders of ignorant informers (and it might be added, ignorant *reporters*,) but this will not exonerate an editor for corrupting our language, nor does this prevent the evil influence of such mistakes upon our children and other readers. Next to correct morals, an editor is under obligations to maintain a correct use of the English language.

But this evil is not confined to *newspapers*. Such examples as the following, are becoming common, in books, written by reputable authors.

"The *mate* of a British vessel, called the Hector, then *laying* at Boston," &c.

"For many weeks did Reuben *lay* upon his back," &c.

These examples were taken from two books, which happen to be lying before me. With a little examination, they might be multiplied to almost any extent. But I will only add a few extracts, from a single small work of one of the first belles-lettres scholars of our country, who has often been styled the American Addison.

"As the Sioux tribe meant to *lay* in wait and attack them," etc.

"As they were preparing for the third time, to *lay down* to sleep," etc.

"And their route would *lay* over immense prairies," etc.

It is barely possible, that these gross blunders may be chargeable to "the stupid printer," who is often made the scape goat for the sins of an author; but, it must be confessed, that the repeated occurrence of the same expression looks very much as if "the printer had *followed copy*."

When such absolute vulgarisms receive the sanction of such high authority, the most fearful apprehensions may be entertained for the purity of the English language.

The following anecdote may be useful in aiding those who are delinquent, to reform their bad habits.

"An English barrister once remarked to a judge on the bench, who prided himself on correcting the grammatical blunders of the bar; 'May it please your honor, I think that action will not *lay*.' The judge quickly replied, 'Mr. Barrister, you should have said, *lie*, not *lay*—HENS *lay*.' In the progress of the same cause, the judge made a mistake in point of fact, which being pointed out, he very courteously acknowledged, by saying, 'It is so—I *set* corrected.' The barrister instantly retorted, 'May it please your honor, you should have said, *sit*; not *set*—HENS *set*.'"

More anon. QUILIBET.

NUMBER TWO.

The anecdote with which I concluded my last communication, undoubtedly furnished an illustration of the right use of *lay* and *lie*. But it is very questionable whether the barrister was as fortunate in his hit as the judge. In order to ascertain this point, let attention be directed to the following words:

Pres. Pret. P. Part.
SIT SAT SAT. (Sitten, old English, obsolete) Verb neuter; *to occupy a seat.*
SET SET SET. Verb active; *to place, fix or establish in an erect position.*
SET SET SET. (Intransitive,) *to go down, or sink beneath the horizon, as the sun, &c.*

Now it is easy to see that it would be correct to say, "the old woman has *set* her hen." That is, "has placed her hen in a state of incubation;" but it is more than questionable whether it would be proper to say, as the barrister did, "the hen *sets*," or, is *setting*. The English version of the Scriptures, which is admitted by competent judges to be the best specimen, of equal bulk, of correct English, shows this to be incorrect.

DEUT. XXII. 6. "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee—and the dam *sitting* upon the young or upon the eggs," &c.

JER. XVII. 11. "As the partridge *sitteth* on eggs and hatcheth them not," &c.

These examples are conclusive in proving that "hens *sit*" but do not *set*. And yet no doubt the rearers of poultry all over the country, will tell you that their hens are *setting*, even though the Bible decides against them.

But if we should admit that hens may *set*, the following expressions, which are of frequent occurrence, cannot be justified.

"He was *setting* on the bench," &c.

"If you should *set* there all day," &c.

"Had he *set* a little longer," &c.

And to balance the account, (if two *errors*, in any case, can make an equilibrium,) we sometimes hear it said "the sun *sat* last night under a cloud." This is obviously incorrect. The intransitive verb "*to set*" (which is unvaried in all its parts,) is the proper one to be used in this case: Mark I. 32. "And at even as the sun did *set*, they brought," &c. Luke IV. 40. "Now when the sun was *setting*," &c.

Next to these verbs, the following is perhaps most frequently misused:

GO—WENT—GONE. Verb intransitive.

The common error in the use of this word consists in applying the preterite tense, instead of the perfect participle, to the formation of the compound tenses. And this egregious error will be found to be more common than is generally imagined, at least, in colloquial discourse, even with some who claim to be educated men. The attentive observer will often meet with such expressions as the following:

"I should have *went* earlier, if I had known he was to leave so soon."

"If he had *went* the day before," &c.

"Had I *went* an hour sooner," &c.

When these expressions come to be written, they are so obviously incorrect that many are ready to say, they must be seldom used. And yet the fact may be, that they have become so familiar to the ear, that they are rarely noticed. I once called the attention of a classical teacher to the misuse of this word, when he remarked, that he thought I was under a mistake, and for his part, he never recollected to have heard any such expressions as the above. Before we separated, having occasion to inquire whether he had called on a particular friend, who was then in the place, he replied. "I have not; I intended to have *went* last evening, but was prevented by company."

I will only add that I have recently heard this identical expression from a gentleman of liberal education, and one who lays no small claims to scholarship. So insensibly do we fall into bad habits from bad examples. QUILIBET.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

EGG RUSK.—Melt four ounces of butter in a pint of warm milk; beat seven eggs until you can take them up by spoonfuls; and, with these, three ounces of sugar, a gill of yeast, and as much flour as may be necessary, make a batter; cover it, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light (which it will be in two or three hours), add to it as much more flour as may be necessary to make a dough just stiff enough to mould in well-floured hands. Make it in small cakes; lay them close together in a buttered basin; bake in a quick oven. When nearly done, wet the tops over with milk made sweet with sugar and return them to the oven to finish baking.

ALMOND CAKE.—Weigh three eggs in their shells; take the same weight of flour, fresh butter and fine white sugar; take the skins from three ounces of almonds, and pound them in a mortar, with a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, until they are a smooth paste; add to them the three eggs and gradually the other ingredients. Beat it well. Butter a basin; put the cake mixture in, an inch and a half deep, and bake in a quick oven.

RUSSIA JELLY.—This is very much used in Russia, being constantly eaten with roasted hare, grouse, and other game; to prepare it the berries of the mountain ash or roan tree, ripe and cleanly picked, are put in a pot of boiling water till the juice parts from them, when it is strained through a fine sieve, but the berries must not be pressed. Weigh the juice; add to it an equal weight of loaf sugar, and boil it to a jelly.

RECIPE FOR PRESERVING TOMATOES.—The following is an easy and safe mode of preserving tomatoes, to be used during the winter. Take the tomatoes and cut them open, and dry them in the oven, either upon the bottom of the oven or in pans; and when perfectly *dried* pack them away in some *dry* place, till wanted for use.

SODA CAKES.—Dissolve half a pound of sugar and a teaspoonful of soda, in a pint of milk, and put it, with half a pound of melted butter, on two pounds of flour. Knead it well together, until light; butter shallow pans; nearly fill them, and bake in a quick oven.

SAVOY BISCUIT.—Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth, and the yolks with rather more than half a pound of sugar; then add half a pound of flour, and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon; butter small tin pans; nearly fill them, and bake in a quick oven.

The Instructor.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

What are Irish wakes?

An Irish wake has been best described by the graphic pen of Miss Edgeworth; "At night the body is waked; that is to say, all the friends and neighbors of the deceased collect in a barn or stable, where the corpse is laid upon some boards, or an unhinged door, supported upon stools, the face exposed, the rest of the body covered with a white sheet. Round the body are stuck, in brass candlesticks, which have been borrowed perhaps at five miles distance, as many candles as the poor person can beg or borrow, observing always to have an odd number. Pipes and tobacco are first distributed, and then, according to the ability of the deceased, cakes and ale, and sometimes whiskey, are *dealt* to the company. After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of an universal dram," a very lively scene ensues. Indeed, Miss Edgeworth tells us "It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings," which reminds one of Swift's note of the merriest faces being often seen in mourning coaches. Wakes among the Irish poor are by no means uncommon in London, where they soon pass from grave to gay. The candles are of the finer description, called moulds, and they have similar enlightenments at Easter, Christmas, &c.

Why were the cats of the house in old times locked up, as soon as any person died therein?

Because they might be kept from making any depredations upon the corpse, which it is known they would do, if not prevented.—*Ellis's Notes to Brand.*

All the looking-glasses were likewise locked up on this occasion. This was also common in France, and is thus explained by a French antiquary: "The individual has disappeared; he is carried to the bosom of the great family; he will not appear again on earth. Thus his portrait, the glasses which represent only his mortal remains, become useless, when the soul which animated them is no longer among us. For the same reason that the glasses are veiled, many persons, particularly the Jews, empty all the water from the vessels in the house; and the country people in France assign as a motive for doing so, that they are afraid the soul, in departing from the body, will be drowned while washing itself in the water! The pendulums of clocks are also taken off, or stopped, because the last hour has sounded, time no longer exists for him who has been struck by the hand of death; he enters into eternity, and for him the hours cease to be marked!"

Why did the heathens follow the corpse to the grave?

Because it presented to them what would shortly follow, how they themselves should be so carried out, to be deposited in the ground. Christians observe the custom for the very same reason; and, as this form of procession is an emblem of our dying shortly after our friend, so the carrying of ivy in our hands, sprigs of laurel, rosemary, or other evergreens, is an emblem of the soul's immortality.

Why is a burial also called a funeral?

Because of its origin from *Funus*, (Lat.) from *funes accensi*, or *funalia*, *funales cerei*, *cerei fares*, *vel candela*, torches, candles, or tapers, originally made of small ropes or cords,) *funes vel funiculi*) covered with wax or tallow. We quote these roots to show, that all funerals among the Latins or Romans used to be performed by torchlight.

Fun and Frolic.

TRYING HIM.—A universal genius, who had tried his hand at dentistry, animal magnetism, etc., without success, turned schoolmaster, and went out West, where he supposed the people were as "green as grass." He had, however, to undergo an examination, and as his examiners were farmers, whom he conceived in his ignorance to be clodhoppers,—although several of them, from the Eastern States, had graduated at college—he fancied there would be no difficulty. The first question put to him was:

"In what era did Napoleon Bonaparte live?"

"Eh?" he exclaimed, putting his hand to his ear, "I don't understand. How is that?"

"In what epoch did France's great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, live?"

"Well," he replied, "I guess you've got me there."

"Was it," said the second of his examiners, (fancying that his memory for dates might be defective) "before or after the time of our Saviour?"

"Before or after who?" replied the man ready for all trades—fit for none.

"Before or after the time of Jesus Christ?"

"Well, I declare, stranger, you've got me again." The examination was ended.

CAUSE OF HARD TIMES.—*A Conclusive Argument.*—"I says, Sam Jonsing," said Pete Gumbo to Sam, last evening,—"don't you tink dese here times am harder dan dem use to was?"

"Dat dey is, Pete Gumbo," said Sam. "An affec you, too, don't dey?"

"Werry severely. Don't dey sarb you in de same ridentical manner?"

"Well dey does. What you s'pose de cause ob dem?"

"What cause 'em? Why, I'se been spectin de matter all ober for de pass year, and I'se come to de conclusion dat money is more scarcer dan it used to was."

PRETTY GOOD.—*Ignorance of the Law.*—A Boston paper says that Madam Adolph, the celebrated fortune teller, and her husband, were recently brought before the police court in Cambridge for immoderate driving. They plead ignorance of the law in extenuation of their offence, but the Judge replied that parties who had the power to tell all that was *past*, as well as all that is *to come*, could not of course be ignorant of *the present*, and fined them $10 and costs.

GOOD FOR HIM.—At one of our fashionable watering places, recently happened a self-important foreigner, who, upon hearing the dinner bell rung at half-past three o'clock, exclaimed, "Is it possible you dine at this early hour in this country? Why I have not been used to dining till seven or eight o'clock in London."

"Our *second table* folks dine very late here also," was the reply of a Yankee present.

FOPPERY.—A person was remonstrating with a friend on the absurdity of following foppish fashions; "they are really contemptible," said he, "and I am sure all who see you must think you ridiculous."

"I don't value the opinion of the world," answered the irritated puppy, "I laugh at those who think me ridiculous."

"Then you must be the merriest man alive," was the reply.

YALE COLLEGE PROBLEMS.—The students have propounded the following question for the benefit of debating societies:

"Two men unable to travel set out on a journey accompanied by a third in the same condition. For three hours, the first two kept ahead of each other, when a violent storm arising, all three lost their way. Which got to the end of his journey first?"

ACCOMMODATING.—A country carpenter having neglected to make a gallows that had been ordered by a certain day, the judge himself went to the man, and said, "Fellow, how came you to neglect making the gibbet that I ordered?" Without intending a sarcasm, the man replied, "I am very sorry; for had I known it was for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

THE RULING PASSION.—The New Yorker tells an anecdote of a famous punster:

"He was expiring in the presence of his doctor; a servant entered and called the physician out, saying in a low voice, 'a man has fallen down the well.' He, overhearing the appalling information, inquired with a scarcely audible whisper, 'I say, doctor, did he kick the bucket?'"

☞ "Sambo," said a southern gentleman to his black servant, "I want you to clear up the things in the garret to-day, and scrub it out."

"Can't do it, massa, no how," said Sambo.

"Can't do it!" said the gentleman; "why can't you do it?"

"Caze, massa, I'se posed to *high duties*."

A POSER.—One day last week a man living at Carlton, was indignantly complaining that his knife had been stolen, till at last one of his neighbors, whose garden had been robbed a short time previous, said to him:—"Hold your tongue, old boy, I found your knife amongst my cabbages; how came it there?" The fellow was struck dumb.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—An absent-minded gentleman on the Common, yesterday, while killing time by throwing a stick into the Frog Pond for his dog to jump in for, and fetch out, inadvertently plunged in himself, and came swimming to the shore with the stick between his teeth, to the great amusement of the spectators.—*Boston Bee.*

THE BEST YET.—"My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head," said Mr. Smith to his wife. "My dear Jos, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's wool* on your back. There, now." Poor Smith sneaked.

WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID TO THE FROG IN HER TEA-KETTLE.—Water is your element, and I will not take you out of it, but I will put my tea-kettle upon the fire, and make your situation very uncomfortable.

☞ "I am going to write a work on POPULAR IGNORANCE," said young D—— to Dr. F——, the other day.

"I know no one more competent," said the doctor.

MONOMANIA.—"Tom, wot's monimany?" "Why you see, Dick, wen a poor feller steals, it's called larceny—but wen it's a rich 'un, the jury says it's 'monimany,' and he can't 'elp it; that's it!"

☞ A traveller, in a steamboat not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next him what the boat was called—upon which the latter replied: "I think, sir, it is called the *Regulator*, for I perceive all other steam boats *go by it!*"

☞ A deceased Irish Judge is reported to have said, when addressing a prisoner convicted of murder: "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will be a warning to you."

The Olio.

ARMY SONG.

The following lines were written on approaching Aransas Bar, Texas, on board the "Kalamazoo," by A. T. Lee, 5th infantry.

Air—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

Light on the wave—the moon shines bright,
Pass the bowl, fling sorrow away, my boys!
The breeze is fair, we shall rock to-night
On the waves of Aransas Bay, my boys!

We have slept in the calm—we have laughed in the gale—
We have sung by the moon's pale light, my boys!
But the morning's dawn, should the breeze not fail,
We'll bid them all good night, my boys!

Light hearts we bring to this stranger land,
Though a shadow hath hung o'er them late, my boys!
And we drain our cups with a steady hand,
And a smile for whate'er be our fate, my boys!

We will some of us sleep 'neath the prairie sod,
We will some go back, o'er the sea, my boys!
But the hearts that are true to their country and God
Will all meet at the last reveille, my boys!

Then pass round the bowl—the moon shines bright,
Our wild campaign we've begun, my boys!
We bid to the sea a glad good night!
And to-morrow we'll fight if we can, my boys!

A BED OF SALERATUS.—Oregon emigrants write that on their journey to that "delicious country where oysters grow on trees, salmon swim about in streams and rivers ready stuffed and baked, and people never die, but dry up of old age," they came to a bed of saleratus in the mountains, of hundreds of acres in extent. It is said that one of the emigrants, on casting his eyes over this broad deposit, exclaimed:—"If there was a river of molasses here, a hill of ginger, a mountain of flour, and a volcano for an oven, what a world of gingerbread could be made!"

THE SUN'S BREAKING OUT.—There was quite a little pimple broke out this season on the face of the sun. The spot, however, was but seven thousand miles in diameter, and soon passed off. It was a mere trifle, occupying with its fellow eruptions only five times the size of the number of square miles on the surface of the globe, as near as we can "calculate."

HE IS TOO HASTY.—No matter. We had rather see a man with some nerve, who occasionally runs against a post and tumbles over a bank, than one dumpish as a sculpin and as lazy as a pastor settled for life. The hasty man may sometimes miss it—but he always does something worth talking about. The lazy man never does.—*Portland Tribune.*

SOMETHING MORE THAN BEAUTY.

Beautiful? No, she is not that; although
There's something more than beauty, an expanse
Of intellectual grandeur on her brow,
And her full oval eye gives utterance
To feelings deep for which the tongue of man
Hath never yet found fitting words; her mouth
Which scorn can curl with bitterness, also can
Smile with such sweetness as the sun-fed south
Kindles on young love-roses; round her neck
Her long and thickly clustering ringlets rove
Like tendrils which some faultless statue deck.
Her form is faultless. Such is she I love.
Lovely, although not beautiful, is she;
Ay, loveliest to mine eyes—for she loves me.

PROSPECTIVE CHARITY.—An inhabitant of Hermanstadt has placed in the Savings Bank a sum of one hundred florins, and when the accumulated interest and principal shall have produced twelve millions of florins, (which will happen in three hundred years) it is to be appropriated to various charitable purposes. What a donkey!

☞ In some of the towns in Germany, the itinerant venders of female finery have started a new and irresistible method of attracting customers. They announce that a magnificent shawl will daily be presented to the handsomest woman who may grace their sale rooms with her presence.

☞ "What an extraordinary likeness Lawrence has painted of Croker!" said one of his oldest friends; "he has given the very quiver of his lip." "Yes!" replied Sir Robert Peel, "but who shall give the arrow?"

Agricultural.

COWS.

Although we have been favored with the luxuries emanating from the cow ever since the flood, we are still very ignorant of her value, and of the proper mode of managing her in sickness and in health. We were taught to believe that it was necessary, indeed *improper* in all cases, to milk a cow before she had her first calf; and it I am not mistaken, this belief prevails universally at the present day.

Our attention was recently called to a favorite Durham heifer, whose udder was considerably inflamed and distended, nearly three months before her time of calving, and gradually increased for two months, until the size was so enormous and the inflammation so great, that we were apprehensive matter would form in the udder. To prevent this we ordered her udder to be well bathed, morning, noon, and night, with water as warm as it could be applied without scalding. By this mode of treatment, the udder was relaxed, but gradually increased in size, until we were satisfied that she could not be relieved until she was milked. The first effort brought off several pints of thick serous or watery matter; the second day the discharge was a mixture of water and milk, and on the third day we had the pleasure of measuring seventeen pints of milk, and from this time forward until she calved—which was about one month from the first time of milking—she yielded from sixteen to eighteen quarts of fine rich milk every day. The calf found the udder in fine condition for sucking, the teats all soft and the milk flowed upon the slightest compression of his lips. In this way we preserved the udder of one of the finest cows we ever milked, and we feel very confident that if we had left nature to herself, the udder would have been spoiled.—*Cor. Tenn. Agricult.*

COVERING TO THE GROUND USEFUL.—In all the essays I have seen on the application of manure, no account has been made of the advantage the soil receives from a covering. I have noticed that a spot covered by a board, a pile of rails, a heap of stones, or no matter what, on removing the encumbrance which has occupied the ground for two or three months, and cultivating it, it is found much better than the adjoining land. Observe a forest tree standing in a field—if of tolerable size and thrifty, it will impoverish a large area around it; yet the same kind of trees will grow close together and vigorously, in the forest, where their leaves form a close covering to the ground, and at the same time the soil will be improved. Acting on these suggestions, I have for some years put my manure on clover in the spring, which I designed to turn under for wheat in the fall, giving the land the benefit of the covering of both the manure and the clover during the summer; and I think a given quantity of manure *does* more good to my land in this way than in any other that I have applied. I state these things that the attention of scientific men may be turned to this question. Does not covering act so as to prevent the escape of ammonia and other substances beneficial to the soil?—*Cor. Far. Cabinet.*

EXPORT OF BREAD STUFFS.—It is altogether unexampled that such immense shipments of bread stuffs should have been made from this country during the last six months and yet the price be so slightly affected at home. We know not how to account for it, except by the confidence which the dealers and growers have in the capacity of the country to increase its supply from the next crops. From New York alone, during the last six months, there have been exported for foreign countries,

Bbls. Flour,	460,101
Bush. Wheat,	380,472
Bush. Corn,	544,614
Bush. Rye,	175,149
Bush. Barley,	10,474
Tierces of Rice,	17,9[illegible]

Besides this, great quantities have been shipped from New Orleans, Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia—and even from Boston 850,000 bbls. of flour have been shipped.—*Newburyport Herald.*